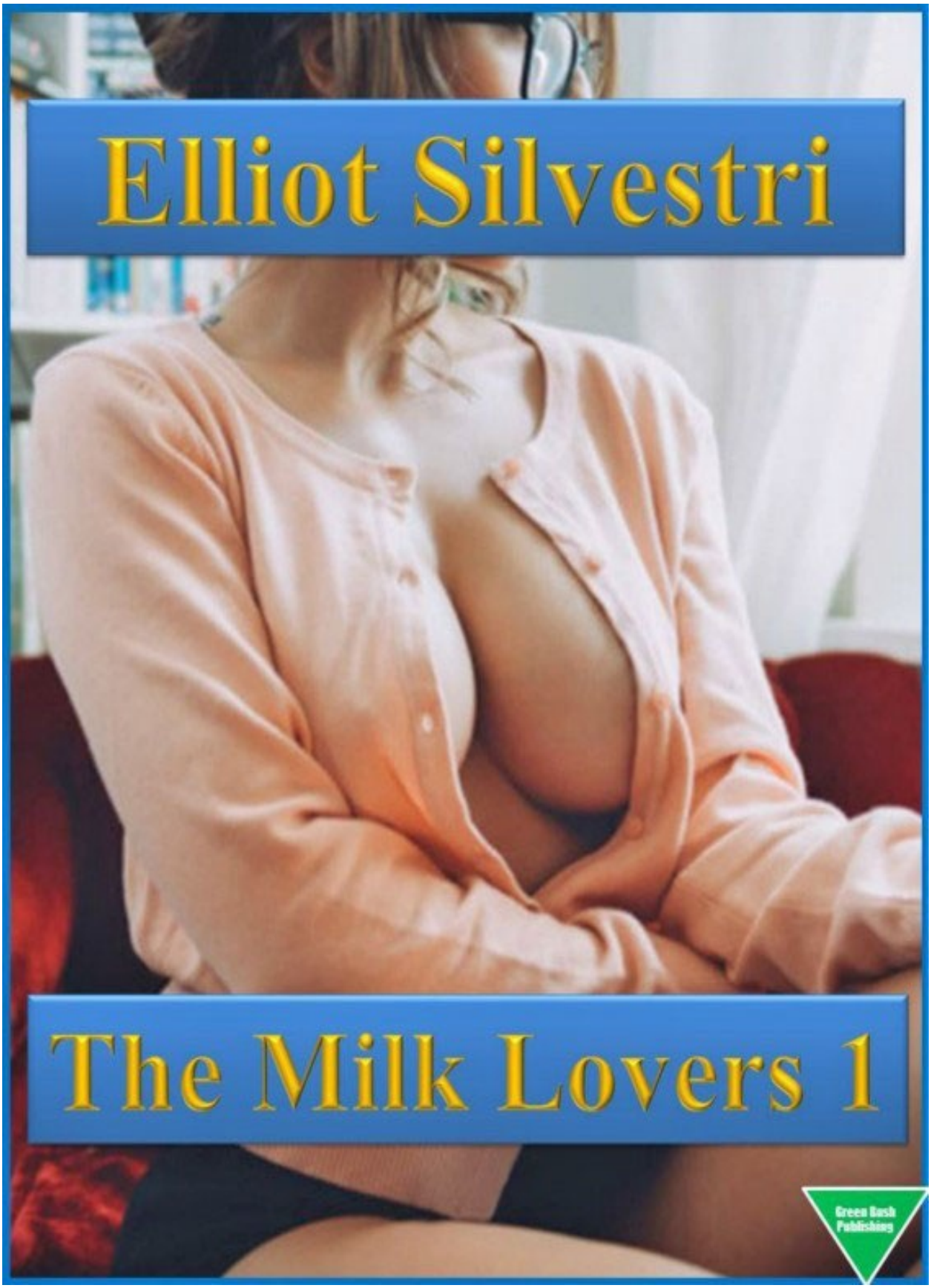
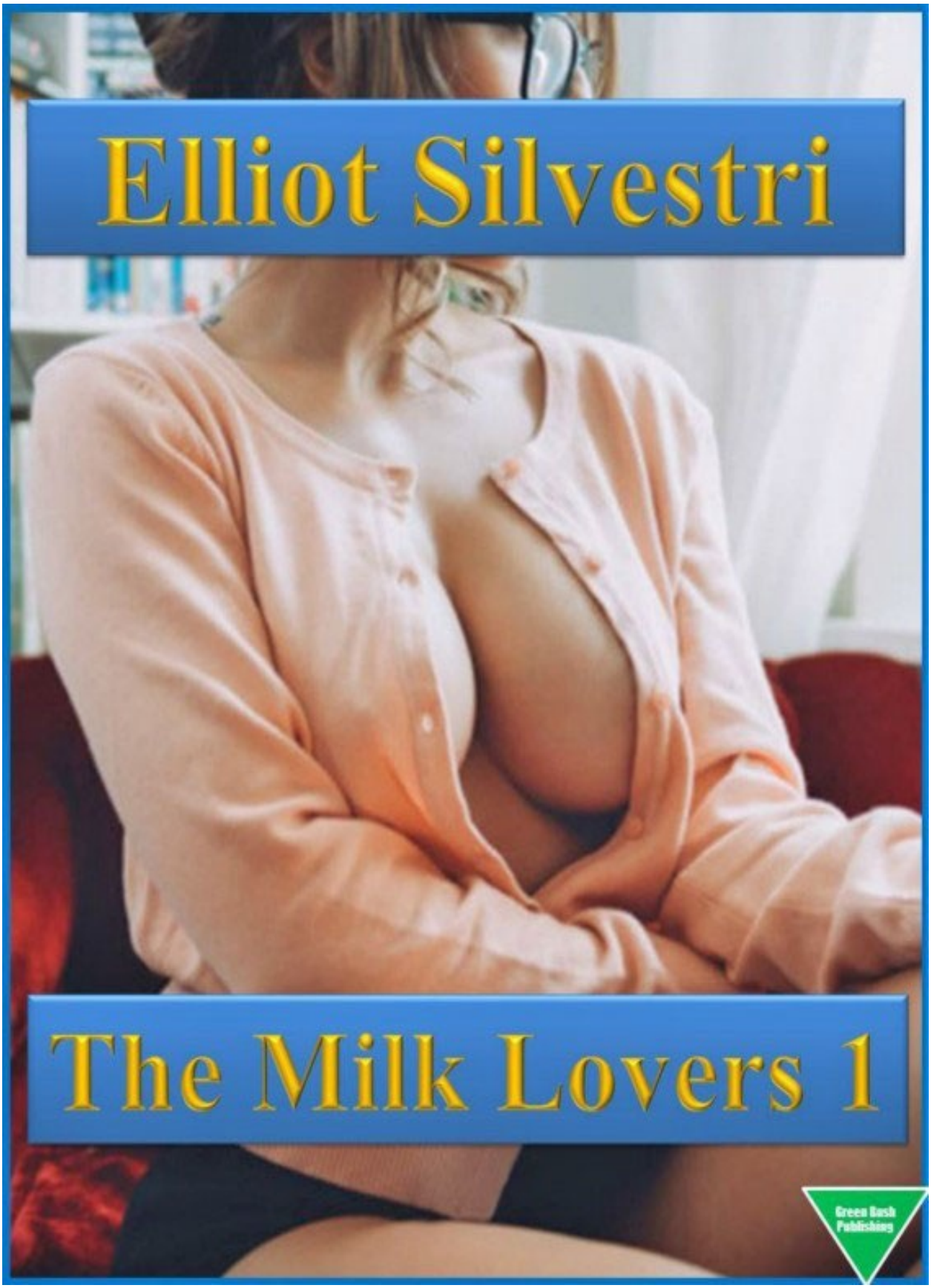

Elliot Silvestri
The Milk Lovers 1
Green Bush Publishing


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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

“Let me taste your milk,” Gil said to his girlfriend.

Marissa rolled her eyes at him. “Really? Now?”

“Why not?”

She pulled her bra into place over her large breasts. “Because we just had sex and I just got dressed and I’m not getting these girls back out again just for you to have a taste.”

“Don’t you wear nursing bras?” he asked.

It was all she could do—an adult woman—not to roll her eyes again. “I used to. Now I just wear pads inside my normal bras. What is it with you and Ty?”

Gil winced at the mention of Marissa’s husband. “What about him?”

“You’re both obsessed with my tits.”

“Well, they’re nice and big. That’s reason enough for an obsession.”

“We’ve been doing this for a year and now you want to taste my milk?” she asked him. “You’ll have to wait for next time.” She pulled her skirt in to place and finished dressing while Gil watched her from the bed. Their affair had been going on for over a year. At first she had been nervous about them using his company’s guest apartment maintained to save money on hotel rooms when bringing in staff from out of state offices, but it had gone fine for months now, not an incident. She thought of it as her little home away from home where she came just to have sex.

“One last throw before you leave?” he asked her, hopefully.

She looked down at his limp cock. “I don’t think you’re up to it. You’ll have to wait for next time. Or if you’re really still horny, go fuck your wife.”

That made Gil groan and roll over. “Don’t remind me of her.”

Marissa sadly shook her head at her occasional lover. “Why not. Ty knows about us. You should really tell her what you like in bed. It’ll make your marriage happier.”

“I still don’t believe that you tell your husband everything about us,” he said, challenging her assertion.

“Why not?”

“It seems wrong.”

“It’s honest. And if you don’t believe me, I can just bring Ty along with me next time. We can have a nice three-way.”

Gil vehemently shook his head back and forth. “Ah. No. Nope. I’m not opposed to three-ways, but those should only involve a man and two women, which only seems natural.”

That made Marissa laugh as she slipped on her shoes. “You have such backwards beliefs. You want a three-way, but you don’t want it to involve your wife or another man.” Gil pulled a pillow over his face. “You like to get kinky in bed, and you expect me to sit on your face, but you don’t want to ask your wife to put a finger up your ass—”

“Hey!” he protested, sitting up and tossing the pillow aside.

She ignored him and continued. “—while you get a blowjob.” She shook her head. “I was going to get you a special present for your birthday, but I’m having second thoughts about that.”

“What present?” he asked, suddenly interested in what she was saying.

“And now you want to taste my milk. That’s something I’ve always saved for Ty.” She sighed. “I like fucking you, Gil, but the baggage that comes with it… it’s almost too much.”

The shocked look on his face pleased her more than she wanted to admit to herself. “You’re not ending this, are you?”

With a sigh Marissa said, “No. I should, but no. The next time you call me, you’d better bring something special to the table.”

Ty arrived home late that evening. Marissa had already put their four-year-old son to bed and was waiting for him in their bedroom. “You’re late,” she pointed out when he walked in.

“Every time someone gets investigate, I have to speak to the media over how we can’t say anything,” he reminded her. “The exciting life of a mid-level government spokesperson.”

“Yeah. Great.” She pulled down the straps to her nightgown, exposing her tits. “Right now I’m full and it hurts. You know what to do.”

“Can I get undressed first?” he asked. His tie was already loosened, having done so on the drive home. He started taking off his clothes.

“I don’t care if you’re naked or not. If you want me to keep lactating, you need to get over here now,” Marissa demanded.

Hurriedly, Ty threw off his clothes and climbed into bed next to his wife. He had kept on his socks and underwear, making him feel like a 1950s suburban husband. Pushing that thought aside he latched his lips onto his wife’s fat nipple and started sucking. Almost immediately her milk let down and he was rewarded with a mouthful of warm, sweet milk. A little sigh of relief escaped her lips. He could sense that her other breast started leaking milk but there was little he could do about that. Marissa grabbed a cloth from the side of the bed and pressed it to her dribbling nipple.

Once they were settled he earnestly started nursing from her, sucking down the milk as quickly as she could produce it, while she cuddled his body to hers. Their routine was so established that shortly after he started nursing, Ty’s cock got hard and he pressed it against her thigh. He took her hand and led it to his crotch.

“I’m not interested in sex tonight,” she told him.

That caused Ty to break his latch. “Why not?” he asked, disappointed. He had

been so wrapped up in his own thoughts and emotions, he hadn't stopped to consider hers. "Oh, did you fuck Gil today?"

"Yes," she told him with a touch of pride in her voice. "I let his big cock into my pussy." She stroked his erection through his boxers. "Jealous?"

"Always. I'll never be able to measure up to what you need." He lowered his head and switched breasts, moving the absorbent cloth from one nipple to the other.

Though Ty was perfectly average in cock size, years ago Marissa had told her then husband-to-be that she loved fucking large cocks. Vibrators and dildos came in all sizes, but he only had one cock. Since it was attached to the man she loved, that was good enough, but she also warned him that she would need outside attention. That was fine with Ty; he had affairs of his own to attend to.

"He's so annoying," Marissa told her husband. Long ago she had given up worrying about Ty getting upset with her comparing him to her lovers. "He's got a big cock and he's great in bed, but he won't tell his wife what he wants or what he's been doing."

Ty took a quick break in the steady suck and swallow that was the entirety of nursing from his still-lactating wife. "What difference does that make?"

Marissa stopped herself from rolling her eyes; it was a bad habit she hadn't completely broken her teenaged self from doing. "He's good in bed and all, but it's getting boring. I'm either going to break it off with him or he's going to have to step up his game."

"By doing what?"

"Anything. I'll try anything once. I'm bored."

"Such is the life of the suburban housewife."

"Ha ha. If you made any less money I'd go back to work. I'm relieving my boredom with sex."

Ty nodded with her nipple in his mouth. He reached between her thighs and she automatically opened them up. As much as she didn't want to admit it, having

her nipples sucked on every night by her husband to remove the milk she had made during the day turned her on. There was no resisting his advances. When he slipped a finger into her pussy she sighed and spread her legs wider.

“You’re wet,” he commented between gulps of her milk.

“It’s probably Gil’s cum,” she teased him.

Ty scrambled out of his boxers, got on top of his wife, and slipped his cock inside her waiting pussy. He slid in without resistance. Her tits were sufficiently sized that it was easy for him to lower his head and suck on her nipples while he slowly fucked her. They had started their odd lactating relationship when their son had decided to wean himself from breast milk. She hadn’t been able to withstand the discomfort—the pain—of full and swollen breasts and her pump wasn’t nearly enough relief. Ty was more than willing to help out. Discovering his fondness for her sweet milk made the service he offered her less a chore and more a part of foreplay. They had been playing this game for almost three years and neither wanted to stop. Not yet.

“Your pussy is really hot tonight,” he commented between sucks and thrusts.

“I can barely feel you,” she told him, teasing him, trying to make his cock bigger and harder. She tilted her hips and brought her legs up around his waist, locking her ankles in place to pull him deeper into her body.

“Annoying slut,” he insulted her.

“Tiny cock,” she shot back.

His thrusts got faster and she rocked her hips with his every motion, trying to increase the power each time his body slammed into hers. The impact of his pubic bone on her clit sent little electric shocks through her brain.

“Cheating whore!”

“Cuckolded pretty boy!” She tossed the insult with a confident glee as she reached for her tits. He hadn’t drained her, not completely. It had been years since her tits had gone dry; they seemed to be the perfect organs to be a nonstop fountain of milk. It took some doing, but she grabbed handfuls of flesh and squeezed tightly, spraying her milk over Ty’s chest. The waste of absolutely

unflawed milk enraged and excited him. His thrusts increased once more and he knew he was on the edge. Marissa continued squeezing her breasts, spraying him with milk, and the excess liquid dripped back down on her.

She changed the angle of the spray, aiming for Ty's face. He caught some of it in his mouth, but most fell back to her face, dotting her olive skin with perfectly white translucent drops.

He came in four hard spurts of cum shot deep into her pussy. The sudden introduction of hot cum in her cunt combined with their strange play made her cum as well. The pleasant waves of orgasm took over her body and she shook uncontrollably. Her locked ankles fell free and she lay under her husband, as he ran his tongue over the skin of her face, neck, and chest, licking up the remaining drops of milk.

"Oh fuck that was good," he breathed when the saltiness of her sweat overcame the sweetness of her milk.

"It's always good, honey," she said as she patted his rump. "It's always good."

Chapter Two

“ROPE? YOU BROUGHT rope? To tie me up?”

“I’m an Eagle Scout,” Gil reminded her. “I’m an expert at tying knots.”

Marissa let her eyes pass over the entire, somewhat sparse, contents of the apartment bedroom. It was nicely furnished with a bed on an almost old-fashioned brought iron frame. There would be plenty of tether points for the rope to tie her down. That wasn’t her concern; neither was the amount of trust she would have for Gil to tie her up. Ty knew exactly where she was and who she was with—and Gil knew that—so she was safe.

“Bondage is so twentieth century,” she pointed out. “It’s nothing more the junior varsity level kink.”

He smiled at her and proceeded to loop a few turns of the rope around her wrist. “Trust me. I know what I’m doing.”

“Oh, I trust you enough for this, it’s just that it’s so…boring. I was looking for fun and excitement.”

“And cheating on your husband isn’t exciting enough?”

“I’m not cheating on him. He knows what I’m doing.”

Hearing her say those words was enough to cause his cock to stir, but Gil didn’t let her know that. “I’ve got something else planned other than just tying you up. Take off your clothes.”

“Having sex with me while I’m tied up isn’t all that interesting either,” she said as she pulled her shirt up over her head. After she dropped her jeans and kicked them aside, Marissa noticed that Gil was staring at her chest. He was mesmerized.

“They’re just boobs, Gil,” she reminded him with a snap of her fingers and then went to unfasten her bra from the back.

“No,” he said, coming out of his trance. “Leave your bra on. It’s a nursing bra, right?” He had noticed the hooks and flaps for the cups.

She paused. “Yeah. And you want me to leave it on? I thought you liked my tits.”

“I do,” he said. “But just leave it on for the moment.”

With a shrug she left on her bra and pushed down her panties, leaving her mostly, but not completely, naked. “Should I lie down on the bed?”

“No, just give me your wrist.” She did so and he looped the long rope around her wrist and forearm several times, making sure it was securely in place but not so tight it was cutting off circulation. “You do that expertly,” she commented.

“I told you I was an Eagle Scout,” he reminded her. “We didn’t just practice tying knots for fun, badges, and building impromptu lean-tos.”

“You did practiced knots in the Boy Scouts as practice for bondages sex games?” she asked skeptically as he dropped her first wrist and started wrapping the second one.

“Of course not. That’s only done in the Utah Boy Scouts where the repressed gay Mormon adult leaders get the boys to tie them up. Here in New York we tied up our fellow scouts and left the bound to trees in the middle of the woods.”

“Very nice. Very Scout-like.”

“Thank you.” He finished with the second wrist, leaving her with two long ropes attached to her wrists. “Get on the bed, kneel and face the foot of the bed.”

With a smirk and a grin, she did as she was told, and he tied the remaining length of rope to the corners of the bed. Her arms were outstretched but she was hardly immobilized by any means of the imagination.

“Are you going to fuck me now?” she asked him, waggling her curvy bottom in his direction.

“Not yet. You wait here. I’ll be right back.”

Before Marissa could protest, Gil was out the bedroom door. She wasn't alarmed until she heard the front door of the apartment open and slam shut. After a second she realized she was naked and alone in the apartment with no easy means of escape. Her heart started thumping in her chest and a small wave of panic washed over her. Being tied up to a bed by Gil was kind of exciting, but being tied up and left alone was terrifying.

She breathed steadily and calmed herself down, telling herself that Gil would be back shortly. And, true to her prediction, two minutes later she heard the front door open and slam shut again. Her heart remained pounding until Gil walked through the bedroom door. She knew she would have been humiliated if it had been someone else who caught her naked in an apartment that wasn't hers. How would she explain the situation?

"Where'd you go?" she burst out at him.

"Just to my car," he answered casually, putting the cardboard box he was carrying down on the floor to open it.

"Why'd you leave me alone?"

"To get you this." He held up the contents of the box and instead of displaying some unusual sex toy, Gil was showing off a breast pump. An elaborate and expensive breast pump, but it wasn't all the different from the one that Marissa had used years ago when she was still breastfeeding her son.

"A breast pump?"

"How else do you expect me to get the milk out of your tits?"

She had an answer, but she wanted to see where he was going. Instead, she shimmied her shoulders a bit, making her hanging breasts sway back and forth. "Hook me up then."

The pump itself had a fairly quiet motor. The funnel-like collection cups were soft silicon and molded quickly to the shape of Marissa's breasts. The suction was firm and pleasant. Gil had spared no expense in buying this particular model; it was better than the one Marissa had used years before.

Because her breasts were already full, it was easy for the milk to let down and

before she knew it, little jets of milk were spraying into the collection funnels and running down the tubes to the bottles. Gil watched in fascination. “You like this?” she asked him after a minute. The process wasn’t all that sexy to her. She had done it a hundred times before, but usually alone and never tied to a bed.

“Uh-huh,” he answered absently. “How much will you make?”

Marissa glanced down at the contraction attached to her body. She was starting to enjoy the treatment more than she wanted to admit to herself. “I don’t know. It’s been a while since I’ve used a pump. Ty likes to suckle my milk right from the source because he likes things that are natural.”

Gil didn’t take any notice of her snarky remark. “Do you like doing this?” he asked.

“It’s all right. I prefer it the natural way.” It wasn’t a complete lie. She liked using a vibrator when she masturbated, but she used her hand as well. It was much the same with a pump and she didn’t want to admit to her lover exactly how good the pump felt. She didn’t want him to know she could cum from nipple manipulation alone.

“You can’t escape, can you?” he asked, pulling on one of the rope that attached her to the bed.

“Not easily, no.” Her eyes followed Gil as he walked to the side of the bed and started stripping. She said nothing as the air of the room was filled with the noise of the busy pump. Watery milk flowed down the collection tubes to fill the jar set at the base of the device. Marissa waited patiently. Sometimes the anticipation and the waiting was just as enjoyable as the journey to the peak.

Nothing was said between the two as Gil got on the bed and knelt behind her. His cock was already erect, which didn’t surprise Marissa. She often had the same reaction with Ty. In that way men were often the same. As he positioned himself, Marissa changed her stance slightly, opening up her legs and grabbing the heavy iron bar that made up the foot of the bed. She put as much of her weigh onto her arms and shoulders as possible. It made it easier for her to arch her back and allow Gil easy access to mounting her. It also changed the angle of her breasts and the cups now hung on for dear life, pulling her milk out of her body. She felt used and she loved it.

“Do you like this?” Gil asked as he started fucking her. His hands grabbed her around the waist and each time he thrusted into her, her tits shook back and forth which threated to break the seal of the funnels on her nipples. “Do you like to be treated like a cow?”

“Yeah,” Marissa moaned. She hadn’t meant to sound so passionate but it felt good to be fucked and milked at the same time. Ty would often suckle from her when fucking, but using a machine while being fucked was completely different.

They continued on in relative silence, the only sounds were their heavy breathing and the muffled buzz of the pump. Gil came much quicker than normal —most likely due to the novelty of the situation—which upset Marissa since she hadn’t had the opportunity to climax herself.

“That was a good fuck,” Gil declared as he pulled his cock out of her.

“Uh,” was Marissa’s response.

“You didn’t cum yet?” He was teasing her, taunting her.

“No.” Her response was bitter, angry.

“Why don’t you get yourself off,” he asked her and then laughed. “Oh. Right. You can’t use your hands.”

“Make me cum,” she begged. “Make me cum.” She hated that she was begging but she needed to cum.

“I suppose I could play with your clit,” he said and reached between her legs. She didn’t like that she was still kneeling and he was rubbing her cunt from behind; even so, she rocked her hips back and forth, trying to increase the tiny bit of friction on her little nub of flesh.

“Are you one of those women who can cum just by having their nipples played with?” he asked as he lightly caressed her clit.

“Yeah,” she said, not even thinking about the answer.

Immediately he drew his hand away. “Oh. I’d like to see that.”

She moaned in frustration as he rolled off the bed and walked around in front of her. Pulling up her face to his, he kissed her deeply, even as the pump continued its work on her tits. “Cum for me,” he said, holding her face between his hands. “I want you to cum from those gorgeous tits.”

She wanted to, but couldn’t. Marissa was right on the edge but needed a little something to push her over. “More,” she begged. “I need more.”

Understanding her frustration, Gil turned up the power on the pump so her nipples were being drawn deeply into the funnels, pulling on them almost painfully. It wasn’t how Marissa liked her tits to be treated—and that made her cum with a high pitched shriek of triumph.

Gil let the climax abate even as Marissa pulled against the ropes trying to free herself, trying to get the pump off her tits. Only when she returned to herself did Gil turn off the device and pull the funnels away from her now red and sore breasts.

“Better?” he asked while watching the milk continue to drip and dribble from her nipples. They were mostly empty now, but for some reason her milk still wanted to escape. The ordeal had left her nipples extended and enlarged with her nipples puffy and swollen. She wanted to cup and hold them, but that was impossible with her hands still bound.

“Yeah, a little,” she admitted, watching as her milk continued to flow and drip down on the floor.

“You’re a good cow,” he said. “I liked fucking you this way. We’ll have to do it again.”

“Would you mind untying me?” she asked a little bluntly.

“Oh. Right. Sure.” Untying only took a minute, in contrast to the more than ten per hand that it took to bind her in the first place. When both her hands were free she climbed off the bed and turned to face Gil. He thought she was going to kiss him. Instead he hand lashed out and smacked him across the face.

“If you ever want to fuck me again you won’t call me a cow!”

Gil grabbed his cheek. It stung, but the pain wasn’t bad; he was just surprised

she had hit him. “Sorry, I thought you liked what we were doing.”

“Tie me up, fuck me, hook up the breast pump, that’s all fine. But never, ever insult me.”

“Fine, fine.”

She bent down and switched off the pump. The design was similar to her old one, and she expertly unscrewed the collection bottle to evaluate the amount of milk she had produced. “About six ounces. Not bad.” She extended the bottle to Gil. “Drink up.”

“What?”

“You said you wanted to taste my milk. Here’s your chance. Drink some.”

“I didn’t mean that…” Gil didn’t know how to protest.

“What’s the matter? Ty does it all the time.”

“That was said in the heat of the moment,” Gil blustered. “I mean it’s breast milk.”

“And babies and my husband drink it all the time.” A little grin spread across her face. “Drink some or you don’t get to fuck me again.”

“What?”

“You heard me. Just a sip. Just enough to let me know…” Let her know what she didn’t say. “Or don’t you want to fuck me again? Ever?”

That was enough to spur Gil into action. He accepted the open bottle from Marissa and stared at the contents a moment. The liquid was thin and looked almost like droplets of white had been suspended in water. He tried not to dwell on the idea of what he was doing and just brought it to his lips for a taste.

It was light and sweet, like fruit juice. It surprised him. He wanted it more than he realized and took a second sip and then a third.

Before he could consume it all, Marissa took it away from him. “I’m taking

some home for Ty."

"But…he has your tits all the time," Gil heard himself protesting.

"True. But we haven't used a pump in a long time. This will be a special treat for him." She smiled and found the top to the bottle, screwing it on tightly to ensure not a drop would be lost.

"You're still leaking," Gil pointed out as he stared at her naked breasts.

"Yeah, that happens." She looked down at her slowly dripping nipples. The flow had largely subsided but some was still flowing. "Want to get it fresh from the source?"

Gil licked his lips. "Yeah."

"Careful," Marissa warned her husband as he reached for her when they got in bed that night.

"I barely touched you," he told her.

"Yeah, but…I was with Gil today."

Ty raised his eyebrows. "And?"

She tried to keep her smile hidden, but failed. "He hooked me up to a breast pump. I don't think I have any milk for you tonight."

Moving with surprising speed, Ty grabbed his wife and rolled her to her back, popping open the buttons to her pajamas. "I'll be the judge of that," he declared as he lowered his mouth to her nipple.

"Careful!" she cautioned again. "He was rough with them."

After a few sucks on her tender nipple, Ty's brow furrowed when he realized he wasn't getting any of her milk. He sucked harder and she abruptly pushed him away. "I said to be careful!" she repeated.

"Sorry. I just wasn't getting any milk."

“Well, I told you he pumped me.”

Ty gave his wife a wink. “I thought you were just talking about sex. Was it any good?”

“It was fucking great. His cock and the breast pump hooked up to my tits at the same time. He’s much better hung than you are so it was an incredible fuck.”

“Now that’s just hurtful.”

She shrugged. “It was true. He fucked me from behind while the pump was on my tits…and it was incredible.” Marissa allowed her eyes to roll up into her head and shivered a little at the memory. Ty wasn’t sure if she was acting or reliving the memory. At the moment he didn’t care. He wanted to hear more.

“And that got you off?”

“It got me off hard. Really hard.” She took his hand and led it down to her pussy, hidden under the bottom of her nightie and underneath the thin silk that comprised her panties. “Apparently getting fucked and sucked at the same time is what I really want.” His fingers burrowed under the thin elastic at the top of her panties and he quickly discovered that her pussy was wet, maybe from their current dirty talk, maybe from the memory of the day’s earlier events, maybe she was still wet from getting fucked by Gil. Ty didn’t really care.

“So you’ll want to do that again?” he asked as he played with her slippery labia and hard little clitoris.

“Uh-huh,” she agreed. “The next time he won’t even need to tie me up.”

That piqued Ty’s interest even more. “He tied you up?”

“He was an Eagle Scout. He’s an expert with knots.”

“I wish I could have seen that.”

She grabbed his wrist as he rubbed her clit with too much enthusiasm. “Give me your cock,” she demanded.

A minute later Ty was on top of his wife, his cock buried in her pussy, as they

slowly fucked and she told him more.

“He put ropes around my wrists, tied me to the bed, and fucked me doggy-style while the pump was hooked up to my tits,” she repeated for him. His cock felt like a steel rod inside her sex.

“And you liked that?”

“Oh yeah.”

“Was this your idea?”

“No. His…and I want to do it again.”

“Do it,” Ty encouraged her.

“I want to do it with you,” she added.

“I’m not very good with knots. I wasn’t an Eagle Scout.”

“No dummy. I don’t need to be tied up again.” She paused. “Well, maybe. But what I really want is the two of you. One in my pussy and one sucking on my tits.”

Ty grinned. “I’m up for it. Set a time and we’ll do it.” He tilted his hips slightly so his pubic bone ground against her clit.

“He’s nervous about being with me and you,” she said with her eyes closed.

“Convince him. I want to do it.”

Marissa just nodded and reached down, clutched her husband’s buttock in her hand, and pulled him deeper inside. She tried to summon up the memories of Gil and his cock because she needed another orgasm. “Okay,” she half-promised.

Ty lowered his mouth and caught up her fat nipple. This time he suckled more carefully, trying to bring out even a drop of her precious milk. The touch of lip to nipple was the little impetus that pushed her over the edge. “Fuck yes!” she declared as she came.

“Empty,” he said dejectedly after giving Marissa enough time to regain her

composure.

“I saved you some. There’s a bottle in the fridge.”

“I prefer it straight from the source.” Ty’s face soured. “And why didn’t Gil drink it all. Was he being generous?”

“No, I was. I knew you would want some. I love it when you drink my milk.”

Ty shivered as he came.

Chapter Three

“NO,” SAID GIL.

“Why not?” asked Marissa. They had barely walked into the apartment before she had floated the proposal to him.

“Because I don’t want the first time I meet your husband the same time I see him naked and sucking on your tits. Or fucking you. Or any of that.”

She paused in unbuttoning her shirt. “Really? You want to go that route? You sound fucking homophobic.”

“Sorry,” he mumbled as he extended a hand toward her.

Taking a step back, Marissa shook her head and continued to unbutton her shirt, exposing a somewhat industrial strength bra that was barely containing her breasts. “You’ve watched porn before, right?”

“Yeah.” Gil was nervous and on guard.

“And you must have seen two guys going at one girl at some point, right?”

“Probably. But that’s not what I prefer to watch.”

She rolled her eyes, not caring that she looked like a petulant teenager doing it. “Right. You prefer two blondes with big tits sucking one guy’s cock.”

“Or just two blondes with big tits lesbianizing each other.”

“Whatever. And just to avoid another guy in the bedroom, you’re going to pass up more opportunities to play with these girls.” She gestured to her chest and proceeded to unhook one of the flaps to the nursing bra she wore for just this occasion. Gil watched, mesmerized. A moment later she dropped the other flap showing off both her swollen breasts. He might have been imagining it, but Gil was certain he could see droplets of milk forming on her nipples.

“Um…no?”

“Then you need to give me a time and date when you want to get in bed with me and Ty.”

Gil tried to pivot away from the issue. “You and him have done this before?”

She frowned at him. “Don’t try to avoid the issue. And yes, we might have had some wilder experiences when we were younger. Before Lucas was born. But never with these girls full of milk.”

It was impossible for Gil to speak without dry swallowing. “One last time alone before I have to share you?” he begged.

What he didn’t know was that, as always, Marissa was extremely horny and in need of his cock. “One last time,” she agreed. “But only if you brought the rope.”

Marissa was nervous about inviting Gil to her home, but the reward, she reasoned, was worth the risk. Lucas was safely away at school for the day and Ty had taken the day off work.

“You sure about this?” he asked his wife. Ty didn’t want to admit that he was a bit nervous. It had been a few years since he and Marissa had been in a three-way, and even then it had been before they were married and still exploring the limits of their relationship. This was pushing new territory.

“Of course I’m sure,” she said with an assurance she didn’t feel. “Just remember I’m in charge.”

They were lounging on the bed, waiting for Gil. Ty nudged her breasts, barely hidden away by the silk nightie she was wearing, trying to tempt her into wanting to start before Gil arrived. “Want me to test them for you?” he asked. “See if you have enough milk for the two of us?”

She slapped her hand away. “No. You’ll be patient and wait.”

“But I don’t want to be patient,” he told her, running a finger down the spaghetti

strap and over the pleasant hump of her breast, feeling the bulge of her nipple under the thin material.

Once more she slapped his hand away. “Stop or I’ll call Gil and tell him not to bother coming.”

“You wouldn’t,” Ty told her. “You’d scare him off forever.”

“I would. Just try me.” Before the argument could go any further, the doorbell rang. Ty all but vaulted out of bed. “Stop!” she told him. “I don’t think that Gil will be thrilled to have you answering the door instead of me.”

“Right. Good thought.” He allowed his wife to leave the bedroom. The nightie was old, something she had from years ago, before Lucas was born. She had put on a few pounds since then, which Ty found attractive since it gave her more curves. It also tended to make the nightie slip up a bit, exposing the bottoms of her cheeks. He wondered what she was showing off from the front.

Ty had dressed casually, a simple t-shirt with pajama pants. He didn’t want to show too much skin initially and scare Gil off, but neither did he want to get fully dressed like they were going out on the town. Gil was coming over for sex alone.

When Marissa led his rival back to the bedroom, Ty had to remind himself that Gil wasn’t his rival and was completely unimpressed with his physical statue. He was shorter than Ty, had a weak chin, and was balding. Maybe he was complete charming to women, but he didn’t understand what had attracted Marissa to him. Maybe it was the promise of his big dick.

When she introduced her husband to her lover, Gil shook his hand and Ty tried not to feel uncomfortable. Both men nervously eyed each other which Marissa immediately saw and she reverted to her usual response of rolling her eyes. “Don’t act like such babies,” she told them as she pulled the nightie up over her body revealing she was naked underneath. She wasn’t the least bit uncomfortable being naked in front of two men, especially since one was her husband and the other her lover.

“Remember, I’m in charge,” she said as she headed to the bed and pulled down the covers to expose just the fitted sheet. As she crawled onto the mattress she asked, “Care to join me?” As Ty moved forward, she shook her head. “Nope. To

get on the bed with me, you need to be naked." She knelt up on the bed, waiting.

Without a glance at Gil, Ty quickly shed his t-shirt and pajama bottoms. He was starting to stiffen but didn't want to get hard before things became too exciting. As he joined his wife on the bed, he kissed her and after she returned it, she pushed his head down to her left breast. Ty glanced at Gil who was still in the middle of getting out of his street clothes. It was obvious he had dressed to go to work, implying he was misleading his wife as to his whereabouts. When Gil finally finished stripping, Ty glanced at his rival's cock and saw, indeed, that Gil was much larger. Ty didn't worry about this, but he wanted to see how large Gil would get.

It had been a long time since Ty had witnessed Marissa kissing another man and it still stirred his cock. But just like she had done to her husband, Marissa pushed Gil's mouth down to her right breast where she had both men suckling on her. It usually took a minute for Marissa's milk to start flowing, but since she had insisted he not nurse the previous night, Marissa's breasts were full and ready to let down. On the second suck Ty was rewarded with a sweetness flooding his mouth. He swallowed audibly and glanced at Gil whose eyes were closed but he could see the other man's jaw and throat working to release Marissa's milk.

"Oh," Marissa moaned. "That's fantastic. More. I need to lie down."

The trio traveled together, neither man willing to break their attachment to Marissa's breast, as she laid down and opened up her legs. She was sandwiched between the two and Ty knew what his wife wanted. He put his hand to her pussy and inserted two fingers, testing her wetness. She was ready.

As second later he felt Gil's hand also trying to explore Marissa's sex. Both men pulled back unexpectedly.

"No," Marissa protested, upset at the loss to her pussy. "There's plenty for the two of you. Gil, you rub my clit; Ty, put your fingers back where they belong."

They agreed on the plan of action and it took some repositioning before they were able to simultaneously stimulate her pussy while still sucking on her nipples. "Oh…that's what I need. That's what I want," Marissa declared.

Once more Ty glanced at Gil's cock. It was steadily growing and it was much larger than he had initially estimated, even being half-hidden by the angle of his

hips and Marissa's thigh. The head was poking up between their bodies; it was already slick with precum. Ty wanted to reach out and touch it, to see the difference between himself and Gil.

Marissa spoiled the moment by pushing both of them away. "Enough warm up," she all but panted. Ty had missed the soft moans she had been making while they were nursing. He swallowed the last mouthful of milk, relishing the sweetness on his tongue, and looked down at her breasts that were slowly dribbling milk. "I want Gil to fuck me, is that okay, Ty?"

Ty nodded. "I thought you wanted us to nurse from you and fuck you at the same time."

Her grin brightened her face. "I do." She scrambled up from her back and got on hands and knees with her ass facing toward Gil. She looked over her shoulder and said, "Fuck me from behind, honey."

There was an anxious look on Gil's face when he glanced at Ty. "Go ahead," Ty encouraged him. "I've seen her fucked by other men before."

Gil nodded and got behind Marissa. Ty moved just enough so that he could see Gil take his big cock in hand and push it into Marissa's wet pussy. She gasped at the initial introduction, but her pussy was well-prepared and she managed to take the entire length. The moan she let out as Gil started fucking her caused a thrill of jealousy to run through Ty's body. It made him remember the best part of having sex in a group, the barely contained jealousy that made the sex more intense. It skewed the world to the side just enough to keep things strange and exciting.

"My tits," Marissa was saying. Her words broke Ty's concentration of watching her get fucked. "You need to suck on my tits," she reminded him.

"Right," he agreed and laid down on his back. It took a bit of moving about to get their bodied correctly aligned, but eventually he found her breast hanging in his face. If he tilted his head back far enough he could just see Gil's cock slowly pumping in and out of Marissa's pussy. They were positioned as such that if he worked himself further along her body, he'd be able to lick her pussy while she sucked his dick. But he didn't want that. He wanted to watch and nurse. Luckily Marissa wanted the same thing, though she did reach out and caress his stiff cock while he nursed from her.

Ty held her breasts in his hands. The one that he nursed from he held still as Gil's thrusts shook Marissa's body. The other one he pinched the nipple so it wouldn't leak any more milk than necessary. He would suck on one nipple for a minute, pinch it closed and switch over to the other.

It was exactly what Marissa wanted. "Harder," she gasped to Gil as she gripped her husband's cock. Marissa didn't masturbate him; she didn't want him suddenly climaxing before she was done with him. More plans were in the works. But she had the need to hold onto something firm while getting fucked and sucked at the same time. "I want to cum while you're nursing on me," Marissa panted.

Ty didn't change what he was doing but Gil increased the pace of his thrusts. The sounds that Marissa made Ty recognized as her sign of small, quick orgasms. Whatever Gil was doing, he was doing it right. Then a low deep groan from Marissa let him know she had one of her hard, long orgasms. "Yes, yes," she mewled as Gil slammed his cock into her a few more times. Ty watched as the other man's balls tightened up to his body and his cock pulsed with the unmistakable sign of orgasm. As Ty watched Marissa shook again as her pussy reacted to the sudden introduction of Gil's hot cum.

When it was over, Marissa hauled in a heavy, gasping cry. "I needed that."

After a pause Gil asked, "Are you ready for me to pull out?"

Marissa managed a laugh. "You're supposed to do that before you come in me."

He snorted. "Well, it's too late now if there's a problem." Ty watched as Gil's big —but now semi-flaccid—cock bobbed into view and he pulled away.

"Move," Marissa said to Ty, still underneath her.

"You still have milk," he protested.

"And it's Gil's turn for my tits. You need to fuck me. I'm not done cumming yet."

The two men switched positions. Gil crawled underneath Marissa who remained on hands and knees while Ty knelt behind his wife. He looked at his wife's pussy. It was red and swollen from Gil's big cock, but that wasn't surprising. He

ran his fingers along the length of her wet labia. That was normal for Marissa, she had never had difficulty getting wet, but he was certain that some of the moisture he was feeling was Gil's cum. Bits of thick, sticky whiteness clung to her lips.

"Ready for me?" he asked his wife.

"Always," she moaned. Her words had already turned dreamy. From the sounds being made, Gil had already latched onto her breast and was nursing, sucking her milk out.

Ty's cock was hard. Nursing from his wife and seeing her fucked was more than enough to get him hard plus when she held onto him, it kept him in a turgid state. He slipped easily into her pussy; she was slick and smooth inside, as well as incredibly hot. He had forgotten how easily her pussy heated up. Normally he didn't notice because his cock heated up along with her pussy, but it was especially noticeable when he was second in line to fuck her.

"Yeah," she moaned as he started fucking her. "You're smaller, but you're nice and hard too."

Ignoring the slightly disparaging comment, Ty fucked his wife and wondered if Gil was watching his cock go into Marissa. It was obvious his wife appreciated the extra attention two men could lavish on her. She came at least twice more while Ty fucked her—though he couldn't say for certain if he caused both orgasms or if Gil's sucking played a part of it. When he came, joining his semen with whatever of Gil's remained inside Marissa, she called out again as she came.

After they all had a minute to recover, Ty asked her, "Was it everything that you wanted, dear?"

She nodded slowly. "Everything…almost."

"Almost?" asked Gil, somewhat disappointed in her answer.

"It was great to be fucked and nursed at the same time. But I always had one free breast," she complained. "We need to add a fourth person."

Ty liked the idea. "Sounds good. So who?" It had been a while since he and his

wife had been swingers. He hardly knew where to start looking again.

Marissa turned her head and looked pointedly at Gil. “I can think of a fourth that would be a great addition.”

He shook his head. “No. That’s a terrible idea.”

A small smile on Marissa’s face let him know that she was going to change his mind.

Chapter Four

“WE’RE IN THE association together,” said Gil to his wife. “It’s one of those business obligations we have to go through.”

“You know I hate these things,” Sophie complained. “Cocktail parties where people stand around and complain about their jobs or talk about doing their jobs. Ugh.”

“It’s not a cocktail party,” he told her. “It’s a dinner part with just Ty and his wife.” His heart pounded in his chest as he thought about Marissa. “They’re a fun couple.”

“How would you know?” she asked.

“What?”

“How would you know? Have you met her? I thought you just knew this guy through work.”

“He’s fun,” Gil corrected himself. “I assume his wife is too. He talks about her all the time. I’m sure she’s fun.”

“Uh-huh.”

When Sophie looked around the dinner table at the Wirths’ house, she sensed that something was amiss but she couldn’t put her finger on it. The food had been fine and, oddly, Gil had been correct in that Marissa and Ty were fun and interesting. Only after a few seconds of thought did she happen upon an idea. “How much wine have I had?” she suddenly asked, interrupting the conversation about the decline of American film and literature.

“That’s your second glass,” answered Ty who had been pouring.

“I didn’t think I was such a lightweight,” she commented.

“It was probably the cocktails you had before dinner,” said Marissa.

Sophie only remembered having one drink before the Wirths put their son to bed.

“I told you to go easy, honey,” said Gil.

She frowned at her husband. “You think I can’t drink…and you think I’m a stick in the mud,” she added.

Marissa started to giggle and then turned it into a full-out laugh, not wanting to be thought of a childish. “In vino veritas. People are much more honest when they’re a little inebriated.”

“I don’t drink all that much because teaching preschool is hell and you can’t walk into that classroom with a hangover,” Sophie declared. “You’ve always got to be careful because of how the public,” she tossed in finger quotes to accent her contempt for the public, “might perceive you.”

“You know you don’t have to work in the preschool if you don’t want,” Gil reminded her for the one thousand, three hundred and twenty seventh time in their marriage.

“I know,” she snapped at him. “But I couldn’t stand being home all day doing nothing.”

“I can’t wait to go back to work,” Marissa agreed. “Lucas is in school now and I need to start looking for something.”

“You,” Sophie said with a little too much enthusiasm while pointing at Marissa, “know what I’m talking about.”

“Honesty time?” Marissa asked.

“Honesty time!” Sophie agreed.

“Sexual fantasy that gets you off?” asked Marissa. The change in conversation caught Sophie unawares, but when Ty blurted out an answer, she went along with the situation.

“Me and two women at the same time,” he crowed. “The say god intended.”

Marissa snorted at him. “You’ve only got one dick,” she pointed out. “And that’s barely adequate.

He waved his fingers at his wife. “But I’ve also got two hands with ten fingers, plus a talented tongue.”

“Like I said, barely adequate,” Marissa repeated which made Gil laugh. She turned her gaze to him. “Your answer?”

A deer in the headlights look passed over his face, but he quickly recovered before Sophie could see. “I’m not going to limit myself to just two women. Let’s just say a bunch. I’d like them to compete to see who gets to have me.”

That made his wife laugh. “As if that would ever happen.” The words came out with more vehemence than she intended.

Marissa wasn’t going to let her guest escape scrutiny. “And what about you, Sophie? What’s your answer?”

Sophie didn’t want to answer. She had spent so many years carefully bottling up her emotions and public reaction that even in the privacy of a friend’s home, she couldn’t easily speak the truth. But the alcohol was fuzzing her mind and the honesty from her husband and Ty had already set the course. “Anything new,” she answered. “More. I want more. I’ve been with the same guy for…too long.” She frowned at Gil. “Sorry honey, but I need to try someone new.” Her words shocked even herself so she turned the question on Marissa. “And you? You have to answer too.”

“Three people. I need three people to satisfy me,” Marissa said right away.

Taking an attitude that all of this was normal, Sophie said, “Three men doesn’t sound all that kinky.”

“They all don’t necessarily have to be men,” Marissa told her with a level gaze.

Sophie shivered.

Late, when Sophie was helping Marissa clean up the kitchen, Marissa said to her,

“I didn’t mean to put you on the spot, there. I think the moment got away from us all.”

Sophie waved away her concern. “It’s fine. I was just a little drunker than I thought I was.”

“It sounds like you never got to have your wild time and date around a lot.”

The slightly built blonde shook her head as she gathered up the last few plates from the table. “No. Gil and I met in college and married right after we graduated. What about you?”

“I had my wild time,” she admitted. “But I still need three people in bed with me.”

Sophie laughed nervously. “It sounds like you want to include women in that.”

Screwing up her courage, Marissa said, “Yeah, I do.”

“Oh,” Sophie said softly. “I don’t know anyone who’s bi.” She blurted that out, not thinking.

“I don’t know if I’m bi, I just want to see what it’s like with a woman.”

“Oh.”

There was a silence between the two.

“Did I shock you?” Marissa asked. “I’m sorry.”

“No, no,” Sophie said, not wanting to seem parochial. “It’s just that…my fantasy makes me look like a slut. Yours makes you look adventurous. I’m jealous.”

“I don’t worry about what people think about me,” Marissa said with a bit a pride. “Neither should you.”

Sophie’s heart leapt into her throat. “Oh my god are you hitting on me?” she blurted. The effects of the alcohol hadn’t completely worn off yet.

“Maybe,” Marissa hedged and the two women remained silent for a long moment. Before either could do or say anything else, Gil and Ty stumbled back

into the kitchen laughing hysterically.

“We both lost our virginity on the same day!” Ty declared, nearly sloshing his drink onto his wife. “Five hundred miles away from each other and we were doing the exact same thing on

She half-lowered her eyelids and sighed. “This is a story I’m sure I don’t want to hear.”

“July 4th, 1997,” Gil said with a giggle. “Our families were watching fireworks and we were uh…you know,” he said with an overly broad wink.

“I’ve heard the story,” Sophie said. “I don’t want to hear it again.” She smiled sadly at Marissa.

It killed her that she was doing it, but Sophie admitted she was too curious not to and she had to find out for herself. Finding the Wirth’s phone number was easier than she anticipated. The hard part was calling when she knew she could speak with Marissa and the two of them could speak freely. She wound up calling from the tiny closet that was supposed to be her office in the preschool. The children were being monitored by the other teachers out on the playground. The lie she told, that she had to call a parent, was only half a lie, she reasoned. Marissa was a parent, just not a parent of one of her little students.

Her heart pounded as she dialed the number and her throat constricted when the line was ringing. For the few moments of uncertainty when the phone was ringing and no one picked up, Sophie was certain she wouldn’t be able to speak.

She panicked when Marissa did answer. “Hello.”

The silence was almost too long. “Hi, Marissa! It’s me! Sophie!” She blurted this out much louder and with more enthusiasm than she intended.

“Hello, Sophie,” Marissa said smoothly. “I figured it was you.”

“You did? How?”

“Caller ID. Sunshine Rainbows Preschool isn’t a frequent caller here.”

“Oh. Uh-huh. That makes sense.”

“Why are you calling?” Marissa asked, getting right to the point.

It was then that Sophie realized Marissa knew everything. She was certain the other women could look into her mind and know exactly what she wanted. Marissa was too sophisticated and worldly for her. Suddenly Sophie felt like a fool and wanted to change the subject before it was even broached. What she wanted to say was, “Oh. No reason. I just wanted to call and chat,” but realized would never be the case for a call in the middle of the day when she was supposed to be working. Even “Just seeing if you and Ty would like to do dinner again,” was lame. She was stuck.

“I was thinking about our dinner…” she began.

“Yes? Did you want my recipe?”

Sophie couldn’t tell if Marissa was being obnoxious or serious, or if she was just teasing. “No, I was thinking about something else…”

“Want to meet and talk about it?” Marissa asked.

The way the other woman stressed the work talk confused Sophie, but that was exactly what she wanted. “Yes.”

It was mid-afternoon when Sophie arrived at the house. That was one of the advantages of teaching preschool. She often got out early in the day and always well before Gil got home. Marissa had a bottle of wine and two glasses on the table waiting for her.

“Care for a drink?” Marissa asked.

Sophie laughed nervously. “I think that’s what got me into trouble in the first place.”

“Trouble?” asked Marissa.

“Well, not trouble really…geez, I can’t believe I’m actually here contemplating

this."

"Contemplating?" Marissa teased. "What is it that you are contemplating?"

Sophie's face flushed bright red. She hated that she had such fair coloring that her emotions were so easily shown on her face. "You know," she sighed in frustration. "You're the one who started this. And you know what I mean by this!" They were both taken aback by the fervor of Marissa's words. Seeing that she still had a bit of initiative, Sophie blurted out, "Have you ever had sex with a woman before?"

The answer came easily to Marissa. "Yes. A while back, before Lucas was born. It was…casual, Ty and I were experimenting, I guess you could say." She smiled with the memory.

"Well then you have an advantage over me. You should be the one doing this!" She was a touch angry.

"Doing what?" Marissa asked, taking a step forward.

Her frustration and annoyance got the best of her. Sophie grabbed Marissa by the upper arms and planted a firm kiss on the curvy woman's lips. They were both surprised by the action, but they both recovered and fell into the kiss. It wasn't all that different from kissing a man, Sophie reflected as her tongue darted back and forth with Marissa's, except it was softer, and more exciting.

When they finally broke apart Sophie gasped, "Wow." There wasn't exuberance in her voice, just quiet reflection.

"This will work better in bed, don't you think?" Marissa asked.

Sophie only nodded and allowed herself to be led out of the kitchen by Marissa.

It was easiest to undress while they kissed, not physically easier, but they didn't have to worry about looking at each other and judging. By the time they were down to bra and panties, a self-conscious ripple suddenly hit Sophie and she pulled back. Marissa was slightly taller than her, had big, full breasts and pleasant curves all over her body. Next to her Sophie felt like a shapeless twig. Her arms suddenly crossed in front of her breasts, hiding the tiny bit of cleavage she had.

“What’s the matter?” Marissa asked, confused. She had been excited by what was going to happen even though she still had a lot to reveal to her new lover.

“You’re so much prettier than me!” Sophie all but wailed. This wasn’t how she had imagined her first Sapphic experience to go. “Look at your boobs!”

Marissa had to not laugh. “What are you, an A cup?”

Sophie nodded.

Pointing to her own full chest, Marissa said, “These were, at best, a C on a good day. Then I had a kid and they ballooned up into Ds.” She shook them a little bit. “And that’s not the worst part.”

“I’m jealous. I wish I had tits like yours.” It wasn’t a lie. Sophie had always longed for larger breasts. She had stopped developing when she was fifteen and looked with envy on all of her curvier classmates from that point on.

“This is mostly milk,” Marissa revealed.

“What?”

“I got pregnant, they got big, and they haven’t shrunk. I haven’t stopped producing milk.”

“What? You’re still nursing?”

“Yeah.” Marissa didn’t bother defining who was nursing from her. She reached behind her back and released the four hooks to her bra, letting it slip from her shoulders and breasts. Both nipples were still covered by the nursing pads she customarily wore. Sophie blinked at the display and stared at Marissa’s large light-brown areola. “I wish I could stop but it hurts too much when they get so full.” She reached out and drew Sophie’s hand to her breast. “Feel.”

Marissa’s breasts were firmer than hers. That wasn’t surprising. She found that she enjoyed caressing Marissa and before she knew it the two were tumbling to the bed together. Sophie did what was natural and lowered her mouth to Marissa’s fat nipple. Her lover sighed softly as Sophie tongued and sucked. After a minute she tasted the sweetness of breast milk filling her mouth.

“Oh, wow, you weren’t kidding. You do have milk.”

“Uh-huh,” agreed Marissa. “Don’t stop.” She pulled Sophie’s head back down. They continued on until Sophie abruptly sat up, pulled off her own bra releasing her small tits but then resumed nursing from Marissa. Once she had settled down with the reality of what she was doing, it felt natural for her to slip her hand down between Marissa’s thighs and felt the heat of her pussy.

“Is this okay?”

In response Marissa took Sophie’s hand and slipped it under her panties. Sophie felt the wetness under her fingers and continued to explore the other woman’s body. It felt right to slowly kiss her way down Marissa’s torso. She stopped abruptly just above the edge of her panties. “What’s this?” she asked about a horizontal line in her skin.

“C-section scar. I’m not perfect.” With a grin Marissa hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties, pulled up her knees, and removed her last bit of clothing. “You still want to do this?” she asked.

“Uh-huh.” Sophie didn’t hesitate as she got between Marissa’s legs. She told herself there was nothing wrong with what she was doing; it was completely natural and normal. Inhaling Marissa’s scent, she laved her tongue along Marissa’s moist slit and closed her eyes to remember the sensation.

“Don’t stop,” Marissa encouraged her. “Don’t stop.”

She didn’t. Neither woman stopped until both were satisfied.

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

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And Giselle's Mother

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Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

Centaur's Harem

Centaur's Slave

Centaur's Wife

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

A Cow's Tale

A Cuck In Hand

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

The Devil of Dunwich

The Devil's Kiss

The Devil's Mark

The Devil's Wife

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Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

Milk & Chastity

Milk Addict

Milk Bar

Milk for Free

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Milke & Cookie

Milking the O'Malleys

Milking on the Farm

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Misanthrope – First Summer

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